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The Cheerful Letter

PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
Berkeley, California

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke*

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BY STEPS

HEAVEN is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night,
Our lives are trailing in sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find the way,
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—*J. G. Holland*

REMEMBER LOT'S WIFE

Remember Lot's wife.—Luke xvii, 32, and Genesis xix, 23–26.

ONLY an old-world tradition of a life paralyzed and lost through looking back. Some people say those old Bible stories are not history and cannot be depended upon as having really happened. But He Who told us the story of the prodigal son also recalled the older story of Lot's wife, and told men to remember that, too. If He bade men remember it, it must be worth remembering. Moreover, as to the matter of its being true, the real trouble is that it is too true. There has never been any great calamity of destruction but somebody has looked back once too often, or lingered that fatal moment too long.

It is a good lesson—that of the folly and mischief of lingering to look back. Of course, there are times when you have to linger, and must look back—when it is right to do so. Still, the lesson is true: lingering and looking back, as a habit, as a tendency of character, is just a mischief. It means stagnation; it means paralysis of energy.

Let us look into some of the ways in which people are apt to fall into this habit of looking back, and see how paralyzing it is.

Take first that tendency so many people have, to be always looking back on their mistakes, and thinking how they might have done differently and better. The wisdom of life is to do a thing and have done with it. Try to do the best, rightest thing you can—but then leave it. It may not be the very wisest thing possible. Probably it will not be; you are not infallible. Why should you expect to make no blunders? But if you have honestly tried to make out, in the time given you, what was best to do, and have done it, that is all you have to do. Go on to the next.

But this is what many cannot do. They stop. They are all the time looking back. They are

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thinking how different things might have turned out if they had only done this instead of that. Or if they had gone their own way, instead of taking anybody's advice, why, this calamity might have been avoided, and that affair which is giving them so much worry would not have happened. You all know how it is.. I dare say there is not one of us but has done this very thing sometimes. Indeed, it may be good to do it now and then, as a calm intellectual process, a sort of correcting our bearings, as it were; it may be right enough. The harm is when it is done as a moral process; when people mourn over such mistakes and keep reproaching themselves and making themselves—and very often their friends, too—miserable about them.

The proverb says it is no use crying over spilled milk. By all means, look how you came to spill it! But some people stay looking at it and crying over it, until the milk that was not spilled has gone sour.

If Lot's wife had managed to get safe away after all, the same temper which would look back in spite of warnings would probably have set her worrying her husband's life out by thinking how stupid they had been not to have got away the night before! Now all that kind of looking back is of no use—and worse. The most helpless people to get you out of a difficulty are those who stand wringing their hands over the folly and needlessness of having ever got into it. No. Look to see how you might have prevented your troubles, but do not make an additional trouble out of worrying yourself because you did not prevent them.

Then there is another way in which this habit of looking back comes in with an even more paralyzing effect; I mean in looking back to find all the joy and beauty of life. There are some people who are always looking into the past. All the worth of things is there. They are forever talking about the good old times, and how different things were when they were young. Now that is a miserable sort of thing; it brings a kind of paralyzing chill over life, and petrifies the natural spring of joy that should be ever leaping up to meet the fresh new mercies that the days keep bringing.

But if it is a poor thing to sit always looking back upon life's past joys and blessings, it is a still more miserable and more paralyzing thing to sit looking back upon its sorrows or calamities. You know how some people are always doing this; they mark the passage of life by its troubles. They date everything from its black days: "The week before I broke my leg," or "That winter when the children were all down with the measles," or "The year after we had that great loss in business." Some never seem to get over these things. You know how, after one of life's bereavements, some people seem to dwell ever among the tombs. They have no heart for anything; they cannot make any effort. Ah, dear friends, I do not want to speak hardly about this; it is something very touching and pitiful; but still it is not the true way. God never meant us to keep turning over the soil on the graves. If we will let them alone, grass and daisies and sweet spring flowers will grow over the mounds where our dear ones were laid, and sweet, happy memories will grow over all the thought of their life with us, gradually changing sorrow into a quiet joy. That is how God keeps his world going. Life has always work to do. No mere lingering among the ashes of the past; live right on, in the way of life's busy duties; it is the only escape from the paralysis of an indulged and hopeless grief.

All this brighter onward look should be easier to us because of the very character of our religion. Christianity is in its very essence a hopeful religion, a religion with a forward look. The miracles that are told of Christ always shadow forth this spirit. The lame man leaps and runs. The blind man who could do nothing but lie, begging, on his mat, rises and follows Jesus. Jairus's little daughter rises from the couch where she lay and begins to move about. Everywhere a new power is put into people. And this new power, put into their bodies, is only an image of the still nobler power put into their souls.

The Gospel of Christ was a great burying of the poor dead past, a helping men to leave it behind, to make a fresh, clean start as children of God and followers of Jesus Christ. Look forward! Of course the past is poor; but let it alone. To-morrow is a new day from God. Make a new, better day of it. Let us believe that great teaching of Christ—the forgiveness of sins: that forever the infinite Father is waiting, loving, hoping. And so let us keep on striving anew with every single day, watching and praying, keeping our faces and our hearts toward God; like Paul, leaving the things that are behind, and reaching forth to those which are before.—*Brooke Herford.*

Whoso, setting duty highest, speaks at need
unwelcome things,
Disregarding fear and favor—such an one may
succor kings.

Such as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts.—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Rome, 121–180 A.D.*

It is a great folly not to part with your own faults, which is possible, but to try instead to escape from other people's faults, which is impossible.—*Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Rome, 121–180 A.D.*

COOKING THE MEALS

A GREAT deal is said in books and papers and magazines about the wonderful way in which men have used their imagination and commonsense and trained skill, to transform our world from a savage wilderness into a marvel of civilization. When we stop to do even a little thinking about familiar things, we feel amazed admiration at the very idea of what has been done. The houses over our heads were once forest trees and stones in the hillside. The clothes on our backs were once mere handfuls of fluffy white stuff in a cotton field and greasy wool on a sheep's broad back. And when we try to think of the marvel of a printed book or a telephone instrument, we realize that we are living in an age of true miracles.

Women whose daily task it is to make three meals ready for a hungry family do not always realize what a wonderful piece of work cooking is—even the simple sort of cooking, familiar to every housewife. Yet the preparation and the serving of food are among the most important of all the processes that make the life of intelligent, civilized people something different from the life of savages. The men of most countries are the ones who build the houses, but the women are almost always the ones who build the bodies of the people who live in the houses. It is a beautifully important job that women have given to them; for on the way they handle that job depends a great part of the whole question of health and vigor. The body does not run itself without food. It must have food, or it dies. And it makes a vast difference whether it gets the right food or the wrong.

Our savage ancestors lived on raw meats and fruits, just as wild animals still live in the wilderness and the jungle. There was no other way, until, somehow, somewhere, it was discovered that fire could be made to burn, and that the heat of a fire made the flesh of an animal pleasanter to the taste. Cooking made it easier for the juices of the stomach to digest such meat; but in those far-off days, nobody knew just what happened inside anybody's body. They did realize that after a meal of cooked meat they were more comfortable, and did not need so much sleep and rest after eating. We know now that the right sort of cooking saves the body an immense amount of trouble; it makes the material of meat and fish and vegetables much more promptly digestible. It destroys harmful germs of disease. It preserves food from becoming decayed and uneatable. It makes possible the eating of a great many kinds of food-material which could not be comfortably or pleasantly chewed and swallowed raw.

Physicians and chemists can tell us people of the twentieth century a great deal that our great-great-grandparents did not know, about a wise choice of foods. People used to suppose that the only necessary consideration was to fill the human stomach with *something*, once in so often, so as to quiet the demands of hunger. Now we know that we can make a tremendous difference in the health and vigor of our families if we do more planning about what that "something" shall be. To be in good, sound, promising condition, our bodies should be supplied with several different kinds of fuel—not necessarily at the same meal, but from week to week. Growing children, and men doing heavy bodily work, need more of the meat-milk-eggs kinds of food than old people do. Everybody needs some meat-fats and butter, but in some parts of our country they get a great deal too much of these, because their women-folk fry everything in lard or bacon fat. (Too much of that sort of thing is as bad as too little.) Everybody needs some starchy foods like bread and potatoes and cereals. They need some sugary stuff, too, but not nearly so much as some people use in the form of candy. They need green vegetables like beans and beets, peas, turnips, cabbage, and onions.

But all these kinds of food do good work or poor work in body-building, according to whether they are well cooked or badly cooked. That is where the home-maker has her chance to do splendid service for the world or shabby, slipshod service. It is often the good sense and careful, intelligent patience of the mother of a family that makes the whole difference between an ill-fed, dyspeptic, bad-tempered household and one where the members have strong, clean bodies, good spirits, and plenty of wholesome energy for the work that is theirs.

And the way a meal is served matters a great deal, too. There is all the difference in the world between snatching food "any old way," and taking it in orderly and graceful fashion around a neatly arranged table. Every child should be taught good table manners—and that by example as well as by exhortation. There is no sight much more disgusting than to see people swallow their food in rough, animal fashion. On the other hand, the most elaborately cultivated civilization recognizes that a family table at mealtime may be not only a comforting but a really beautiful thing. And it is upon the mothers of families that the choice rests. It does not need much money to make a table pleasant. It does need the right sort of cooking; cleanliness; order; good manners; and pleasant talk to go with the eating.—*Janet Lewis.*

Discretion without zeal is slow-paced and zeal without discretion is strong-headed; let therefore zeal spur on discretion and discretion rein in zeal. —*St. Bernard, France, 12th Century A.D.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass. Tel. Granite 1140

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Please read and follow the suggestions

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When requesting books for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary that letters be written with ink.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share towards a friendly understanding.

REQUESTS

1. Mrs. Jesse Carpenter, Peachland, N. C., R. 1, asks for reading for herself and two boys, seven and five years of age.

2. Mrs. J. P. Puett, Lenoir, N. C., is grateful for what has been sent. She would specially like to read *The Flaming Forest.*

3. Mrs. L. B. Moseley has moved from Oklahoma to Phoenix, Arix., and lost a trunk containing the addresses of her *Cheerful Letter* correspondents. She asks that those who were sending or writing will continue to do so, that she may be able to acknowledge their kindness. Her new address is 1701 Happy Place, Phoenix, Ariz.

4. Mrs. Emma Mitchell, care of B. H. Lutrick, Arlington, Tex., has also moved and mislaid addresses. She hopes friends will write and send her reading matter; she has a large family and an invalid baby.

5. Pictures and postcards would be welcomed by Dilly F. Nolen, Endicott, Va. She is a shut-in with a crippled father and a mother, who suffers from rheumatism.

6. Miss Thelma Robertson, Daisy, Okla., Box 30, is a sixteen-year-old girl working hard on a farm thirty miles from the railroad. She asks for magazines, cards or quilt pieces.

7. Miss Vera Thornton, Pera, Va., thanks those who have remembered her, and would like to have any kind of flower seeds.

8. Hazel Brown, a thirteen-year-old girl living at Sandy Ridge, N. C., would be glad to receive suitable reading.

9. Mr. A. L. Puckett, Haughts, Va., is a cripple and not able to work. He would like to receive reading matter, and hopes that someone may be willing to write to him.

10. I am a girl twenty years old. I have seven brothers and one sister, all married except one brother and myself, and he is in the West. We live in the country. I want to ask the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* for a few patchwork scraps of any kind, or crochet thread. Lena Pendleton, Elamsville, Va.

11. I wish to thank all who have sent me quilt pieces and reading matter. I try to write to all I can personally, but some of the names are torn off, so I take this method in thanking every one. I hope some of the ladies will continue to send pieces of any kind for quilts; and I should like to read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Pollyanna.* We have two boys: Charlie (ten) and Elgin (six). Mrs. G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Va., Box 32.

12. I am a little girl, twelve years old; I am anxious to learn to do fancywork. Will you

please send me *Needlecraft?* I would appreciate scraps and crochet thread. Vera Lee Martin, Wadesboro, N. C., R. 1.

13. I have been married ten years, and have two boys; Ralph (eight) and Randolph (three). My husband is a farmer, and we are striving to build up a new farm; we don't have much to spend for reading matter. We live ten miles from town, and for more than a year we have not had a regular pastor. For reference I give our past pastor, Rev. N. R. Edwards, 314 Sherman Street, Albany, Ala.; also Rev. W. H. Worldy, Readsville, N. C. I would greatly appreciate some good magazines, as well as reading books and picture books for the boys. And I would also be glad to have some correspondents. Mrs. R. Terry Frazier, Ridgeway, Va., R. 2

14. Miss Mary E. Foster, Boomer, N. C., R. 2, an invalid, asks for *Needlecraft* and a dictionary.

15. Mrs. W. F. Galloway, 108 Lakeside Avenue, Burlington, N. C., will be grateful for any of Shakespeare's works.

16. I am a mother of four children—two girls, aged thirteen and eleven, and two little boys, aged six years and eighteen months. We live on rented land and my husband has to work hard to make a living for us. I would be glad of some scraps of calico or percale for my quilts, and the children would be pleased with picture books or postcards. My husband and myself would like to have religious reading. I mention for reference Mrs. E. W. Lackey, Elamsville, Va. My address is Mrs. Della Haynes, Dodson, Va.

17. I am the mother of eight children. I would like to have a correspondent and some good Christian literature. We haven't any pastor at our church right now, but I will send the name of a former pastor: Rev. H. B. Worley, Reidsville, N. C. I would appreciate some quilt pieces. Mrs. C. M. Stone, Ridgway, Va.

18. The request for letters, cards, and patchwork for Miss Lizzie Bowden, South Brewer, Maine, an aged lady confined to her chair, brought her much cheer, which she is always able to enjoy though not always to acknowledge. She would like to have all know that what they did for her is gratefully appreciated.

19. I want to thank all who have sent me reading in the past. My husband's health is so he is not able to work now. We live out in the country in a strange neighborhood. I would be glad of bits of crochet cotton and scraps for patchwork, and would appreciate the *Ladies' Home Journal* or the *Pictorial Review,* or any other reading for myself or my husband. Mrs. C. W. Foley, Bassett, Va., Box 38.

20. I am a married woman with four children —girls aged ten, four, and two, and a boy aged seven. We live in the country on a rented farm. I would appreciate it if someone would send me some good reading suitable for the children and myself; also some quilt scraps. I would be glad to correspond with someone. Mrs. Bessie Earnhart, Albemarle, N. C., R. 3.

21. I should greatly appreciate some good literature,—books, magazines, and papers; also crochet thread or quilt scraps. My little girl, Cora Isabella, is seven years old; my boy, John Benjamin, four years old. Mrs. Hannah McIntyre, Phoenix, N. C.

22. I would like so very much to have current numbers of *McCall's Magazine* or the *Pictorial Review* for this year; will someone please send it to me? I am not able to pay for reading matter, but I do greatly appreciate it. May God bless the *Cheerful Letter* people! Mrs. A. E. Hicks, Amherst, Va.

23. Mrs. Martha J. Lackey, Elamsville, Va., would be glad of any cheer. She is seventy-five years old, a cripple, and lives alone. She manages to wait on herself by going on crutches. She sends as reference, Rev. Posy L. Nolen, Elamsville, Va.

24. Miss Alma Newcomb, South Brewer, Maine, wishes to tell all those who sent used stamps for her collection that she is always glad to have more stamps, no matter how many of one kind.

25. I am a young married woman with two small children. I am scarce of bedclothes, and want to ask the readers of the *Cheerful Letter* for scraps of gingham or material of any kind for quilts. I would also be glad to have cards or pictures that would be a pleasure to the children. The oldest is a girl about seven and the baby is a boy of five. Mrs. Ada Harris, Buffalo Ridge, Va.

26. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends who sent me reading matter sometime back. I enjoy reading very much and would enjoy some more magazines—such as the *Ladies' Home Journal*—and quilt scraps. I should be pleased if you would send some pictures or cards to my sisters, Nannie and Mary, seven and eleven years old. I am twenty-two; would like to correspond with someone near my own age. (Miss) Lillian M. White, Pera, Amherst Co., Va.

27. I am teaching a Sunday School. I preach when I can, and teach the Sunday School lesson every Sunday. I should highly appreciate any help you can render. I need books, because I study all I can, that I may be better able to do a real work. W. R. Chapman, Lois, Fauquier Co., Va.

28. I am in bad health, and we live in a lonesome place. I am a member of Rocky Mount Church, and our pastor is Reverend Homes of Monroe, N. C. I would appreciate some magazines, as I love reading, and I would like to correspond with any of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Mrs. Earnest Broadaway, Polkton, N. C., R. 3, Box 11.

29. I would be very thankful for quilt scraps or any kind of cheer you may care to send me, as I get lonely staying in the house with my invalid husband. He has been blind for ten years, and has to be cared for. Mrs. Nan Adams, North Wilkesboro, N. C., R. 2, Box 1. (For reference: John Eliet, Wilkesboro, N. C., R. 2.)

30. I have a little girl only three weeks old. When my husband is not at home I would appreciate any kind of reading to pass the time away. Mrs. Ruth E. Morrison, Dodson, Va.

31. Mrs. George Bryant, Dodson, Va., R. F. D., a sufferer from asthma, who has to be alone much of the time, asks for cotton pieces for quilts.

32. Mrs. Taylor Stone (formerly Miss Bettie May Bassett), Ridgeway, Va., will be glad of good reading and a correspondent.

33. Moses T. Hall, Dodson, Va., an invalid who has not walked for seventeen years, will be very glad to receive any of the works of Shakespeare.

KALLUNDBORG CHURCH

"Build at Kallundborg by the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed; but Esbern said,
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"
And off he strode, in his pride of will,
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me,
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea;
Build it stately and build it fair;
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly dwarf said, "No work is wrought
By Trolls of the hills, O man, for naught;
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought, and thought—but he dared not pray;
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumor ran through the countryside;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was well-nigh done;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone;
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow walked Esbern Snare;
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole;
Before him the church stood, large and fair;
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side.
"O Esbern Snare," a sweet voice said,
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast and he held her long;
With the beating heart of a bird a-feard,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"
But fast as she prayed, yet faster still
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art;
For more than the spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground:—
"*To-morrow comes Fine, father thine;*
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!

Lie still, my darling! Next sunrise
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!"
"Ho, ho!" quoth Esbern; "is that your game?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare,
And Troll and pillar vanished in air.

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing underground,
And the voice of the Hill Troll, loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the church they sing the tune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon,
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still,
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward, over its groves of birch,
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare.

—*J. G. Whittier*

AMUSEMENT CORNER

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Corner to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 1925 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge 40, Mass.]

SOME CURIOUS BIRDS

1. There's a bird whose name tells if he flies fast or slow;
2. And one that boys use when with long strides they go.
3. There's one that tells tales, though he never can sing;
4. And one who flies high, but is held by a string.
5. By one a high rank in the army is held;
6. There's another whose name with one letter is spelled.
7. There is one that a flogger might readily use;
8. And one you could easily fool if you choose.
9. What bird, as dessert, is so useful to hold?
10. And which, in the chimney-place oft hung of old?
11. Which bird wears a bit of the sky in its dress?
12. Which one always stands in the corner, at chess?
13. Which bird built a church, of London the pride?
14. We have this when we talk with a friend by our side.
15. What bird with its bill would be useful at tea?
16. And which would its tail use to steer with at sea?
17. Which proudly a musical instrument wears?
18. And which the same name as a small island bears?
19. Which bird is called foolish and stupid and silly?
20. And which one is wanting to punish poor Billy?
21. Which bird is a toiler who works at his trade?
22. And which is the stuff of which banners are made?
23. One, we're told by a poet, at heaven's gate sings;
24. And there's one which, in Holland, to chimney-top wings.
25. What bird have we with us in eating and drinking?
26. One is used for a fence—you can guess without thinking.
27. What bird is a scoffer, a scorner, a jest?
28. What bird is too lazy to build her own nest?
29. From a high wind at evening one name is inferred;
30. Guess these, and you're wise as Minerva's own bird.

—*St. Nicholas*

Answers to puzzles in the May number

I. CONCEALED QUOTATION: "God must have loved the plain people, he made so many of them."

II. ENIGMA: Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A saint is not a person who does a great many religious things, but a person who does everything religiously. Your work—your ordinary, common, matter-of-fact, humdrum, daily work—at home, in a school, an office, a house of business, a workshop, or the thousand disagreeable, or painful, or perilous duties expected from you if you are a soldier. Are you inclined to feel that all this is not religious at all? But you can *make it religious.* You are tempted to confine your religion to Church services. But instead of that, carry your religion into your work; raise your work to the level of your religion; make them both equally holy.

In every kind of work that man or woman can do there is an element of drudgery. Sometimes there seems to be nothing but drudgery, nothing but mechanical routine, that eats the heart out of life. There is only one cure for that. Do your mechanical routine *for God,* and not merely for your daily bread. Fill it with prayer; raise it to the level of your religion; let the perfection of your diligence, accuracy, punctuality, scrupulous conscientiousness, become a continuous divine service; and your drudgery will be radiant with the beauty of holiness.—*A. H. McNeile.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. *Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,* fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents, for books, magazines, cards, etc.,* also *letters offering to give books, magazines, etc.,* should be sent to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

See special suggestions under the heading of the "Book and Magazine Club" in this number.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. *Letters asking for music* and *letters offering music* should be sent to Mrs. Thomas Lacey, at 4 East 88th St., New York City, or to All Souls Church, Fourth Ave. and 20th St., New York City.

5. *Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries* should be sent to Mrs. H. A. Stevens, 26 John St., Brookline, Mass.

A Circulating Library will be started in any small community needing one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references can be given. One hundred and thirty-six libraries are now on our lists.

6. The Secretary of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Hingham, Mass., should receive the more general correspondence from workers on the local committees, or from others interested in the organization and its methods.

Notice to those who give:—

Only books of an instructive or wholesomely amusing character should be offered. Classics, educational works, and standard novels and magazines are always acceptable.

There is a large call for scraps of calico, gingham, and percale for patchwork.

To those who receive:—

It is a rule of the Cheerful Letter Exchange that no one ask for money or for clothing in the columns of this paper. The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to headquarters.

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